

Joy Blossoms Forth: a poem by Patrick Bruskiewich

At birth there was a precious seed
no bigger than a mote of fluff
from whence there grew with term
a sprig, much cherished and beloved.

The water, earth, sun and wind
lent this little babe its life.
From this small sprig there grew
the majesty of beauty and of youth.

With the passage of scarce time
the sprig became a bush then tree.
Its branches sprouted forth and buds
appeared, proclaiming loss of innocence.

Upon this gentle tree then sprang
leaves set against the bursting winds
which nourished so sweet a thing
first issued forth this month of march.

Such beauty did then blossom forth!
Oh sweet flower stay with us awhile
I beg you not to float to earth, before
I have a chance to share my love.

What guise is this, this pink fragrance
that scatters forth upon the breeze?
It is unsullied snow, I think,
gracious and lovely as herself.

At birth there was a precious seed
no bigger than a mote of fluff
from whence there grew with term
a sprig, much cherished and beloved.

Here today for such brief time
kept as remembrances tomorrow.

A sad flower never blossoms full.
Life is too short to abide in sorrow.

As the water, earth, sun and wind
helped the gentle tree to grow
so too will hope and love
lift a sad heart to paradise.

The cherry blossoms only when
life is radiant and feelings warm
Existence springs from happy thoughts
True beauty floats above the world.

When your heart is sad, remember
somewhere not far above your woe
there is a paradise of love in which
you will find a peaceful friend.